HYMN

TO

Miſs LAURENCE,

IN THE

PUMP-ROOM

AT

BATH.

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PUMP-ROOM.

BATH: 1753.

NAIAD of this healthful ſtream,
Fair LAURENTIA, if I deem
Rightly of thy office here,
If the theme may pleaſe thine ear,
Liſten gracious to my lays,
While the ſprings of HEALTH I praiſe:
Nor will leſs thy glory ſhine,
If their praiſe I blend with thine.
For of their renown of old
Stories many FAME hath told:

Antient

Antient bards their name have ſung
Heroes, kings, and gods among,
And with various titles grac'd,
While their fountain-head they trac'd.
Whether [1] BLADUD, king of yore,
Skill'd in philoſophick lore,
Mingling various kinds of earth,
Metallick, gave the waters birth
KING'S-BATH nam'd, beneath thy feet
Boiling ay with mineral heat:
Or, whether from his car on high
Phœbus ſaw with amorous eye
The fountain-nymph, with humid train,
Light of foot, trip o'er the plain;
Strait the god, inflam'd with love,
Swift deſcending from above,
All in fervors bright array'd
Preſs'd her boſom; and the maid

[1] Bladud] See Mr. Selden's notes on the third ſong of Drayton's POLYOLBION, where, in an antient fragment of rimes, are enumerated all the ingredients which Bladud imploy'd in making the baths.

Gladly

Gladly to his warm embrace
Yielded; whence the happy place,
Where the nymph he woo'd and won,
Was call'd the [2] WATERS OF THE SUN.
FAME that title widely ſpred;
Yet, ere Roman legions fled
The wrath of ſturdy Britiſh knights,
Pallas claim'd religious rights;
Britiſh [3] PALLADOUR then roſe,
From the goddeſs nam'd, who choſe
Near her favourite ſtreams to dwell,
Guardian of the ſacred well.

But long ſince [4] HYGEIA fair
Under her peculiar care
Receiv'd the ſprings; for well ſhe knows
Each ſalubrious rill that flows

[2] Waters of the ſun] Aquæ ſolis. Bath. Sol in hâc urbe templum habuit, et nomen quod exhibet Antoninus, loco dedit. Antonini Iter XIV. publiſh'd by Gale.

[3] Palladour] Pallas etiam, teſte Solino, fontibus hiſce fuit præſul, ſuamque habuit ædem, ubi et perpetuos ignes. Ab eâ, appellabatur Britannis, Caer Palladour: *Urbs aquæ Palladiæ.* Ibid.

[4] Hygeia] The goddeſs of health.

Forth

Forth from ſubterranean vaults,
Stor'd by NATURE's hand with ſalts,
Steel, or ſulphur: for *her* uſe
NATURE opens every ſluice,
Which HYGEIA gives in charge
To ſev'ral nymphs: Herſelf at large
Roams o'er hill, and dale, and plain,
Lacky'd by a duteous train;
Oreads, Naiads, Dryads pay
Service glad: Some ſmooth her way,
Or miſts diſperſe, or bruſh the trees;
Others waft the morning-breeze
From mountain-tops; adown the hills
Others pour refreſhing rills,
Or bathe her limbs in fountain neat,
Aiding, all, her influence ſweet.
SHE with ſmiling eye ſurveys
Ruſtick labours, and conveys
STRENGTH to the active threſher's arm,
To village-maidens BEAUTY's charm.

Happy

Happy are the ſons of earth
Whom the goddeſs at their birth
Shin'd on. Yet, her heavenly ray
Numbers, not reſpecting, ſtray
From her preſence, and purſue
LUXURY's paths, whoſe ſordid crew,
LUST inordinate, and SLOTH,
And GLUTTONY's unwieldy growth,
Lead them on to SHAME, and PAIN,
And MALADIES, an endleſs train.
Oft with pangs diſtracting torn
They HYGEIA's abſence mourn;
Bitter change! their languid eyes
Feel not joy in ſunny ſkies;
Nor doth NIGHT, with ſlumber bleſt,
Cloſe them at the hour of reſt.
And oft with ſighs, and tears, and pray'r
Half-ſuppreſs'd by ſad deſpair,
They the queen of health implore
Her wiſh'd preſence to reſtore.

Nor unmindful of their woes
Is the goddeſs; for ſhe choſe
Thee, LAURENTIA, lovelieſt maid
Among thy ſiſter nymphs, who play'd
On the banks of [5] Avon, Thee,
Bright-ey'd nymph, ſhe choſe to be
Her ſubſtitute, and pow'r ſhe gave
Sov'reign o'er the healing wave
Which Thou rul'ſt with gentle ſway.
Thee the ſmoaking tides obey,
Joyous; and at thy command
Waſh thy [6] roſy-finger'd hand;
Thence in cryſtal cups convey'd
Yield their ſalutary aid
To all, whom Thou with look benign
Smil'ſt on round HYGEIA's ſhrine;
All of appetite deprav'd,
Thoſe whom pale-ey'd SPLEEN enſlav'd,

[5] Avon] The river which runs by Bath.
[6] Roſy finger'd] The effects of the hot water.

Cripples

Cripples bent with gouty pain,
Whom JAUNDICE ting'd with muddy ſtain,
Or whoſe frame of nerves, with ſtroke
Benumning, tremulous PALSY broke.
Theſe the balmy, cordial ſtream
Quaff, rejoicing; Thee, their theme
Of praiſe, extoll; thy tender care,
Thy ſoft addreſs, and courteous air:
And while [7] HARMONY, the friend
Of HEALTH, delights to recommend
Thy miniſtry, thy charms inſpire
Love, and joy, and gay deſire:
For the Goddeſs, when ſhe gave
Rule imperial o'er the wave,
To adorn the gift, and grace thy ſtate,
On Thee bade YOUTH and BEAUTY wait.

[7] Harmony] The muſick in the Pump-room.

Nor doſt Thou not taſte delight
Where Thou ſit'ſt in duteous plight;
For the joy, thy hand beſtows,
Back to Thee redounding flows;
When the cheek of faded hue,
Thou ſeeſt diſplaying roſes new.
Thee ſuſpended [7] crutches pleaſe,
Signal trophies from DISEASE
Won to HEALTH victorious. Hail,
Comfort, and ſupport of frail
Human ſtate! Hail, blooming maid!
Nymph belov'd! without thy aid,
He, who, greeting Thee, his lays
Now attunes to notes of praiſe,
Mute had been, oppreſs'd with pain
Of ſpaſm rheumatic. Hail again,
Prieſteſs of HYGEIA's ſhrine!
Still diſpenſe her gift divine,

[7] Crutches] Over Bladud's image in the king's bath hang many crutches.

Still

Still her vot'ries lead to HEALTH;
Elſe, what profits Marlborough's wealth,
[9] Eliza's form, and Stanhope's wit,
And all the eloquence of Pitt.

[9] Eliza] Lady Betty Spencer.

ΥΓΙΑΙΝΕΙΝ ΜΕΝ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ· ΤΟ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ ΚΑΛΟΝ ΓΕΝΕΣΘΑΙ·
ΤΡΙΤΟΝ ΔΕ ΠΛΟΥΤΕΙΝ. Lucian.

FINIS.